In Recital

Jennifer Venance, soprano

assisted by

Ingrid Kinsel, piano

Wednesday, April 24, 2002 at 8:00pm

Studio 27 **Fine Arts Building**

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

From the opera *Guilio Cesare*, Act II (1724) — Georg Friederich Handel (1685-1759)
V'adoro Pupille

Als Louise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Liebhabers Verbrannte, KV520 (1787)
Das Veilchen, KV 476 (1785)
An Chloe, KV 524 (1787)
Un Moto di Gioja, KV 579 (1789)

If There Were Dreams to Sell (1918) — John Ireland (1879-1949)
Text by Thomas Lovell Beddoes
Spring Sorrow (1918)
Text by Rupert Brooke

Intermission

Dein Blaues Auge, Op. 59, No. 8 (1873) — Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Vergebliches Standchen, Op. 84, No. 8 (1877)
Standchen, Op. 106, No. 1 (1886)
Die Mainacht, Op. 43, No. 2 (1894)

Standchen (1891) — Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

From the opera *Die Fledermaus* (1874) — Johann Strauss (1804-1849)
Mein Heir Marquis

Reception to follow.

Translation

V'adoro Pupille (I adore you, eyes)
Translation by M. Gerhart
I adore you, eyes,
darts of love;
your sparks
are welcome in my breast.

My sad heart,
which calls you its dearly beloved
in every hour, longs for you
to be compassionate.

Als Louise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte (When Louise burned the letters of her unfaithful lover)
Translation by Emily Ezust
Concieved in hot passion,
in a rapturous hour
brought into this world- perish,
you children of melancholy!

You owe the flames your existence,
so i restore you now to fire,
with all your rapturous songs.
For alas! he sang them not to me alone.

I burn you now, and soon, my dears,
there will be no trace of you here.
But ah! The man himself, who wrote you, may still
perhaps burn long in me.

Das Veilchen (The Viloet)
Translation by Emily Ezust
A violet on the meadow grew,
So all alone, and lowly too,
It was a darling violet!
There came a youthful sheperdess,
with step so light, and heart no less,
And sang, and sang while o'er the meadow she passed.

Ah! thought the violet, might I be the fairest blossom
on the lea,
If only for a while yet!
Till found by her I love, and pressed
All fainting on her tender breast,
However, however, that moment were my last!

Das Veilchen (The Viloet), cont'd.
Ah! well a day!
The maiden went by,
She never saw the violet shy,
And she crushed the hapless violet!
It drooped and died, yet all in joy;
Tho' death be mine,
'Tis sweet to die through her, through her,
Before her feet to lie!
O hapless violet!
It was a darling violet.

An Chloe (To Chloe)
Translation by Emily Ezust
When love shines form your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and with the pleasure of gazing into them
my heart pounds and glows

And I hold you and kiss
your rosy, warm cheeks,
lovely maiden, and i clasp
you trembling in my arms.

Maiden, maiden, and I press
you firmly to my breast,
which at the last moment,
only at death, will let you go.

Then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed
by a gloomy cloud,
and I sit then, exhausted,
but blissful, next to you.

Un moto di gioja (An Emotion of Joy)
Translation by Emily Ezust
An emotion of joy
I feel in my heart
That says happiness is coming
In spite of my fears

Let us hope that the worry
Will end in contentment
Fate and love are
Not always tyrants

Dein Blaues Auge (Your Blue Eyes)
Translation: unknown
Your blue eyes are still and serene
I gaze into their depths.
You ask me what i wish to see?
I see myself well again.
I was burned by a fiery pair,
I can still feel the pain.
Your eyes are like a lake so clear,
And like a lake so cool

Vergebliches Standchen (A futile Serenade)
Translation unknown
(*He.*) Good evening, my sweetheart,
Good evening my child,
Love brings me to you,
Oh, open the door for me.

(*She*) My door is locked,
I won't let you in.
MOther gives me good advice,
If you should come in,
T'would all be over with me!

(*He*) So clod is the night,
So icy the wind,
That my heart freezes,
And my love will be extinguished;
Open for me, my child!

(she*)* If your love dies,
Let it perish!
Let is perish, never mind;
Go home to bed, to sleep
Good night, my lad,
Godd night, good night, my lad!

Standchen (Serenade)
Translation unknown
The moon shines above the mountain
Just right for people in love;
In the garden ripples a fountain,
Elsewhere silence, far and wide.
Beside the wall in the shadow,
Three students are standing
With flute and violin and zither,
And they play, and sing while playing.
The strains are stealing gently

Standchen (Serenade), cont'd.
Into the fairest maiden's dream;
She sees her blond beloved
And whispers, "Forget me not!"

Die Mainact (The May Night)
Translation unknown
When the silvery moon beams through the shrubs,
And over the lawn scatters its slumbering light,
And the nightingale sings,
I walk sadly through the woods.
Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves
Coo their delight to me;
But I turn away seeking darker shadows,
And a lonely tear flows.
When, oh smiling image, that like dawn
Shines upon my soul, when shall I find you on earth?
ANd the loney tear flows trembling,
Burning down my cheek.

Standchen (Serenade)
Translation unknown
Softly goes my song's entreaty
Thro' the night to thee,
In the silent woods I wait thee,
Come, my love, to me.

Treetops slender sough and whisper
In the moonlight here.
No unfriendly ear shall listen,
Darling, have no fear.

Hark! the nightingales are singing,
Ah, they plead with thee!
With their notes so sweet, so ringing,
They would plead for me.

Well they know a lover's longing,
Know the pain of love.
WIth their silver toned voices,
Tender hearts they move.

Ah, let thine, as well grow tender,
Sweetheart, why so coy?
Anxious, fevered, I await thee,
Come and bring me joy,
And bring me joy!

Mein Herr Marquis (O Noble Sir)
(Adele's Laughing Song)
Translation by Lorraine Finley
O noble sir, How far you err!
You're really not discreet;
Therefore my advice is that you look twice
When judging those you meet!

My little white hand - oh! so fine! Ah!
My foot with its contour divine! Ah!
My speech ever disarming,
My waist line slim and charming!
No lady's maid could be so full of grace, you see.
Now you must own to your mistake;
Your blunder really takes the cake!

You're so funny, ha ha ha!
You amuse me, ha ha ha!
If I laugh sir, ha ha ha,
Pray excuse me ha ha ha!
Dear Marquis, you are too absurd!

My profile's Greek, and fair my cheek,
Where Nature shows her skill.
Should this silhouette not convince you yet,
My figure surely will.

So look through your glasses and see-ah!
My costume, my air of grandee-ah!
Your love is short sighted-
Alas, you're benighted!
This maid with all her art has stolen you poor heart!
You seem to see her every where,
It's very drole, I do declare!

You're so funny, ha!
You amuse me, Ha!
If I laugh sir, ha!
Pray excuse me, Ha!

Upcoming Events

April
26 Friday, 6:00 pm
SALUTE TO MALCOLM FORSYTH
Celebration Dinner
with **special guest artists**
Faculty Club, University of Alberta
Admission: $55 (including a donation of $25 to the Canadian Music Centre)

27 Saturday, 8:00 pm
Maid in Alberta
Sylvia Shadick Taylor, piano
Featuring works by Forsyth, Sastok, Sasonkin, Nicholson (world premiere), Eagle, Fisher and Bashaw. Edmonton Composers' Concert Society "New Music Alberta" concert series

May
7 Tuesday, 8:00 pm
Master of Music Recital
Tomoe Aoki, piano
Free admission

department of Music

Unless otherwise indicated
Admission: $5/student/senior, $10/adult
Convocation Hall, Arts Building
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Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our

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